DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XIX., No. 16. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, AUGUST 15, 1884. SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

LADY JANE GREY.

A story so touching as the life of Lady Jane Grey is scarcely to be found in the pages of history. Think of a little English girl, the daughter of a nobleman to be sure, but with far less of her own way than many young girls imagine they could live with now; a girl with so stern a father and mother that she turned for companionship and sympathy to her books and her schoolmaster; who had so employed her time during her short life that at the age of sixteen she excelled in needlework, vocal and instrumental music; could speak and write both Latin and Greek and had some knowledge of Hebrew, Chaldee and Arabic; and who when the rest of her family were out hunting found more enjoyment in staying at home and reading Plato; who had been nothing but sweet and obedient all her life to those over her; and yet this girl when only seventeen years old was seized upon, and imprisoned, though for no fault of her own, and a few months afterwards was beheaded like a common felon.

Those were strange times in England. The King, Edward VI., was only sixteen and of such delicate health that he could not be expected to live long, and there was great excitement as to who should be his successor. There was no male heir to the throne, but there were four women, Mary, Elizabeth, Mary Stuart, and Lady Jane Grey. Space forbids us to go into details, but please try and remember these few facts, for unless you do you cannot understand the story. Mary of England was daughter of King Henry VIII., (young Edward's father) by his first wife Catherine of Arragon, and Elizabeth was daughter of Anne Boleyn, his second wife. Mary Stuart, afterwards the renowned Mary Queen of Scots, was a grandchild of Henry's sister Margaret, and Lady Jane Grey granddaughter of his sister Mary.

And now came the trouble as to which of these four should be sovereign. The two Marys were bigoted Roman Catholics, and great was the distress among the Protestants for fear one of them should come to the throne. Lady Jane Grey was just as strong a Protestant, while Elizabeth, though not so earnest as she, was a thorough Englishwoman and in spite of the Pope would stand up for England and her own right.

But now the originator of all the trouble appears in the person of the Duke of Northumberland. He, too, was a Protestant and was very much alarmed at the thought of having other than a Protestant queen on the throne. But he was also a very ambitious man and determined that, if possible, no man should hold so high a position in the kingdom as he. So he laid his plans. His fourth son, Lord Guildford Dudley, only a few years older than Lady Jane Grey, became very much attached to her and they were married, and these two Northumberland determined to use to accomplish his ends. Henry VIII. had named Mary and Elizabeth first in succession and Lady Jane Grey next, but Northumberland urged the young, dying Edward to alter this and place Lady Jane Grey first. You see how this would work? If all things went well his son would be husband to the Queen of England, and then who would be more powerful in the realm than himself. Lord Guildford Dudley does not seem to have had any part whatever in the plot.

No sooner was poor young Edward dead than Northumberland conveyed the news to Lady Jane, and very much grieved indeed she was to hear that her gentle, accomplished young cousin was no more. But what was her astonishment when in the next breath her father-in-law informed her that she was to be his successor, and he, and her father and mother bowed before her as the Queen of England. She cried, and protested and said that it could never be, that she did not want to be Queen, that it was cruelly unjust to Mary and Elizabeth whose claims were prior to hers. But it was all to no purpose. Her husband wished her to accept, her stern father-in-law urged, and her father and mother commanded. What could she do? She was only a girl, and had never disobeyed her father or mother in all her life, and how could she dare now? So away she was taken to the Tower and proclaimed Queen.

LADY JANE GREY.

But the farce, of which she was so unwillingly a centre, was of short duration. Nine days it lasted and then came the end. The people refused to recognize her and rallied round Mary Tudor and crowned her queen Only nine days on the throne, and there against her will, Lady Jane Grey left it with no regret. She had no ambition for anything of the kind and would have been glad to settle down again to her old quiet life. But she was not allowed to go home. Although her father was pardoned, Northumberland was beheaded for treason, and she and her husband were kept prisoners in the Tower. They were not treated harshly but still they were prisoners.

The country remained in a very unsettled condition. The Protestants hated Mary, and a few months after this there was a strong uprising against her, and Mary's friends, fearing that a party might again rise and try to make Lady Jane Grey queen in her place, insisted that for the safety of all she and her husband should be put to death.

She received her sentence very quietly. When they tried to make a queen of her she resisted with all her might, but she did not even weep now. She only said "I only consented to the thing I was forced into." Not one word of complaint did she utter She would not say good-by to her husband for she said it would only increase her pain. She saw him from her window as he passed on his way to execution, and waved her hand to him as a sign that they would soon meet in heaven. An hour later she herself walked to the scaffold and without a tear or sign of agitation laid her own young head on the block.

(Continued on eighth page.)

AUBERT GALLION QUE
W M Pozer 1885

Temperance Department.

THE LITTLE RED HOUSE AND ITS VICTIMS.

BY THE REV. WM. B. CARY.

Riding over the hills of one of the beautiful towns of Connecticut one day, where a delightful view of the mouth of the river with the white houses of Saybrook sparkling in the morning sunlight burst upon the view, I noticed an old stone chimney blackened with smoke on the crest of a ridge and all around it signs of former habitation. Currant bushes in the aforetime garden, lilac bushes in clusters, the old well with a long sweep, the moss-covered bucket dangling within the well-curb, the broken, patched, and thrice-broken fence intertwined with vines and bushes, all suggested a once happy, contented home.

"Who lived there?" I asked of my companion.

"Oh, different folks, within the last twenty years. It was built by a thriving man, about sixty years ago, a fisherman; but when he died his family was broken up and the house went into other hands."

"Why didn't his widow keep it?"

"Well, it's a long story all told. But do you see that little red house down the river?"

"Yes."

"Well, that house devoured this one."

"How was that?"

"The fisherman who lived here sold his shad down there near that house, which was then and always has been a tavern. They used to catch lots o' shad in those days, and the fishermen all grew rich; that is, for this part of the country. They salted all the shad down there at the wharf. There wasn't any fresh shad sent to market; but they took schooner-loads of salt ones. Well, the fishermen had some rough nights, and, being cold and wet many times, went into the red house to warm up. And what was more natural than to take a glass of Santa Cruz rum? They had it good in those days. So this man got to taking his rum; and it grew on him. He staid away from home more and more, and when he came home brought less and less money with him. Year by year rum had more and his family less. The little red house did a lively business for its owners. And when the fisherman died the only effects of value he possessed were about a hogshead of empty bottles and jugs in the cellar. The homestead had all been drank up, the widow and children were turned out, and the little red house put in a tenant at thirty dollars a year."

"Well, but how did it come to be burned?"

"Rum's tenants would, somehow, fail to pay the rent after awhile. Their cows would go, their pigs, their furniture, and all; and then they would go, and the little red house would put in another tenant. So it went. This was a sort of tender to the house down there. I've often thought of the red house as being painted with the blood of women and children. Maybe I ain't right; but it kind o' seems so to me. Well, after a while, about five years ago, a man moved in here with seven children. His wife was dead. They say he killed her; but I don't know. His eldest girl was about thirteen, and she did all the housework and cooking, and mighty little cooking there was, too, in that house. You could git a drink of whiskey any time, but you couldn't git anything to eat. I believe in my soul them children was hungry more'n half the time; and he wouldn't let them go to the neighbors for anything. He told 'em he'd kill 'em if they did; and the poor little things would go out in the woods here and eat berries, and them little wild apples, and sassafras, and birch, and such like. Things went on so for a long while. Finally, the long, cold Winter of '74 and '75 came on. The neighbors kind o' looked out for them children; but they had to be cautious, for if their father had known of it, I believe he'd a killed 'em. He was an ornery cuss as ever lived, and whiskey made him so. The snow was deep on the ground one night, and the wind blew a livin' gale. It was one of them nights when a man bolts the door, draws up to the fire, and thanks God that he ain't out in it. I remember that night as if it was only last night. I was down to the white house there visitin.' All of a sudden, as we was eatin' hickory nuts, some one said: 'Hush! What was that?' We all held our breath, the wind roared like mad. We couldn't hear anything else.

"'What was it?" asked some one.

"'I thought I heard a little cry under the window. And, my soul, John! if there ain't a fire up there on the hill! Put on yer coats, boys, and go out and see if them children's burnt up!' said the Missus.

"At this we all jumped for our sou'westers, an' I tell you, if we didn't make time! The door was opened and we was a-rushin' out when what should we see but a lot of shiverin' children huggin' the doorstep. No questions were asked. We knew what it meant. They were taken in, an' we ran up the hill. Half-way up I come to a little bundle of something in the road. I took it in my arms. If it wasn't a little girl, with both feet frozen! I give it to one of the women to carry back to the house and run on. Well, as I come to that piece of fence there, I could see the old house burnin' and something curled up under that big rock. I went to it. It was the oldest boy. I opened my overcoat, sat down, and took him into my breast, all I could, and tried to warm him; but he was stiff. He never moved. I hurried down to the house with him, but—the poor little skeleton—there wasn't no meat on his bones more'n there is on one o' them old pickets. I carried him in (he was light as a feather) and we tried to bring him to; but we couldn't—he was dead. The other six lived; but they all was badly frozen in their hands and feet. You see, they was tryin' to keep warm and built up as good a fire as they could in the old, cracked stove. But the first thing they knew the house was afire. Where was the man, you ask? Oh, he was down to the little red house before a red-hot stove, drinkin' healths to all around. And when the children couldn't stay no longer they left the house and stood out around it to keep warm. The boy crawled behind that stone where I found him, and froze there. They was afraid to go to a neighbor's, for fear their father'd kill 'em; but finally did start when they couldn't stand it no longer."

"What became of the man?"

"Well, I dunno. I never saw him again, nor nobody else around here. I dunno where he went or what became of him."

"What became of the children?"

"Oh, they was cared for. The neighbors took 'em. One of 'em has been married since, and I hear her husband is a temperance man, who lectures sometimes. The last I heard of 'em they were all doin' well, except the little girl I picked up in the road. She died in the hospital about six months afterward. Yes, it's true, that little red house devoured this one, and it grows redder and redder every year."

"But is nothing done to stop its work?"

"Oh yes; we've held meetings and passed votes and made speeches about it a good many times, and the red house would be a little quieter for a while after we talked about it; but in a month or so it would open out worse than ever. Why, old Mr. Mill says, and he knows more about the history of that place than any one else, that they have killed or ruined one man each year for the last twenty years. I kin count ten myself that's died violent deaths in ten years, and all from the red house rum, to say nothing of starvin' women and children all layin' the blame for it on that place. But two years ago we voted no license; and when the red house sold liquor we went for 'em. We seized their rum three times, and fined the tavern-keeper heavily; and he kind o' took the hint that we meant business, and stopped sellin'."

"I thought it was a quiet, orderly place, when I came by there yesterday," I said.

"Oh yes; the next time he sells without a license he'll go to gaol, and he knows it. I tell you," continued my friend, in a burst of enthusiasm, "talkin' and holdin' meetin's and votin' again rum ain't no good if it ends there. You've got to vote, and then you've got to execute the laws. The only way to shut up these rum-holes is to put the law on 'em; and that'll do it every time, if you kin get officers to do it who ain't in league with them," he added, dubiously.—*N. Y. Independent.*

UNFERMENTED WINE FOR THE COMMUNION SERVICE.

(Published by request of the Montreal Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

It is a well known fact that when fermented wine is used for Sacramental purposes the reformed drunkard cannot put the sacred cup to his lips without incurring the danger of a relapse into former habits. "One of the members of our church told me that before we gave up using intoxicating wine, it was with the greatest difficulty that he was able to resist taking more after the taste was excited," writes a deacon in a western church; and this man's experience is that of many. For this reason, if for no other, churches should be careful to use unfermented wine, and they would no doubt be glad to do so if they knew how to obtain that article. Miss Willard, in her book entitled "Woman and Temperance," tells how the problem was solved in a church in an American city. The lady who solved it, says: "Some time ago our church decided not to use fermented wine, but somehow a sort of logwood decoction got into the chalices, which was entirely out of place and harmful to our cause. Some of the deacons said, 'We cannot have such a mixture as this—it will not answer;' and they were right. The matter troubled me. At last I said to my husband, 'I can't go out much to the temperance meetings, or take an active part in the work of the Woman's union, but I can prepare wine enough for our church of eight hundred members for all the Communions of this year, and I'll do so.' It was no easy undertaking. It kept me in my kitchen wide awake, and on the alert for several days; but I've got the wine all bottled up, and the people are well pleased with it." "Let some lady in each church," says Miss Willard, "go and do likewise, and she will have helped our many sided cause in a noble, efficient way." This lady's receipt is as follows:

Take twenty pounds Concord grapes and add two quarts of water. After crushing the grapes put them into a porcelain kettle; when at a boiling heat the juices separate from the pulp and skins. Then strain through a tin sieve or cullender, using a little more water; add six pounds granulated sugar. After the sugar is all dissolved, strain through a thick cloth. Then heat hot and pour immediately into stone bottles, and seal tightly while hot. The above will make three gallons, and if properly put up will keep any length of time; but all air must be kept from it till wanted for use. It is better to use bottles that will hold the quantity needed for each Communion.

A Montreal lady has for a number of years prepared all the wine used in the church to which she belongs, from a very similar recipe, at the small cost of 25c. a bottle. Her plan is as follows:

Take twenty-five pounds of grapes and a pound of sugar, mixed with a quart of water; bring to the boil, and when cool squeeze through a jelly bag. Mix the juice with four pounds of sugar, boil fifteen minutes, and skim and bottle while hot in bottles taken out of boiling water. Seal with beeswax and rosin. This makes a very excellent article.

Another well recommended recipe is the following:

Take one gallon of grapes, mash them well, add half a gallon of water and let stand in an earthen jar for three days. Then run off the liquid which is at the bottom, being careful to disturb as little as possible the skins and seeds that have risen to the surface. Add a pound of sugar to each quart of grape juice, bring to the boil, and while at that temperature can in self-sealing jars or sealed bottles.

These directions are published in the hope that temperance ladies throughout the country will take the matter up, and see that the churches are provided with a pure wine for the Communion table. In regions where grapes are not to be had, arrangements might be made with a Woman's Christian Temperance Union in some other place to provide the necessary quantity at a reasonable price.

WE ARE TOLD that one of the first things demanded of the young man who goes into training for a boat-race is, stop smoking. Thoughtful young men ought to find in this a lesson for life. If the oarsman's success depends on his rigid abstinence from everything which weakens the nerves, does not success in the vocations of life depend on an equal abstinence? The work of to-day calls for sound bodies and clear brains. Tobacco ministers neither to soundness of body nor clearness of brain. And young men who mean to succeed in life can ill afford to hamper themselves by indulgence in so doubtful a pleasure.—*Golden Rule.*

WHEAT OR CHAFF; OR, GEORGE HOWLETT, THE COALWHIPPER.

About thirty years ago, in a gang of London coalwhippers, who were constantly in the habit of spending, when in full work, from four to six shillings a day each in the "public"—a rate of expenditure which hundreds of them could testify was a matter of common occurrence—there was one man of the gang who wisely began to think; thinking led to resolving, and resolving to acting. Many a night had he paid his Saturday night score at the ale-house, amounting to twice, and not infrequently to three times, as much as he carried home for the feeding and clothing of his wife and family, and he now began to think this was not right. One day he resolved that he would, by God's help, spend no more of his hard-earned money so foolishly as he had done, but that he would strive to do his duty as a father to his family, and set a good example to his mates.

The next day, instead of going with his comrades to the public-house at drinking time, he went to the nearest coffee-shop and had a cup of coffee and a good slice of bread for luncheon.

His mates jeered and cursed him, but he was as firm as a rock, for he happily sought God's help. With good, nutritious food and his coffee he kept pace with the gang. Although they were obliged to admit, after a few days, that he got through his work as as well as they did, yet they constantly "chaffed" him, but without effect.

The tables were turned when pay-night came: The "score" for drink against every other man was so heavy that not one of them had more than thirteen shillings to receive. The man who had thought, resolved, and acted, now came forward.

"What's the score against you, George Howlett?"

"Nothing, sir," was the prompt reply.

The astonished paymaster could not credit the statement, but on inquiry he, of course, found it to be quite correct.

He then handed to the brave water-drinking man the sum of two pounds seven shillings!

Turning round to those comrades who had been the loudest in ridiculing his wise conduct, and showing them the two sovereigns two half-crowns and two shilling pieces, he said, "Now, lads, you've chaffed me hard enough, but I think that now I've got the wheat, and you've got the chaff."—*Band of Hope Review, September.*

THAT IS A PRACTICAL METHOD of expressing his disapprobation of tobacco-using, which was adopted by Dr. Eliphalet Clark in his gift of $50,000 to the Methodist Seminary at Kent's Hill, in Eastern New England. One provision of his will is: If at any time a member of the faculty or one of the teachers connected with the institution shall use tobacco in any form, and shall refuse to abandon the habit, and the case is not attended to by the faculty, then for that year the interest shall be added to the principal." In other words, if an instructor in that insitution decides that tobacco is essential to his sustenance or comfort, the donor of the beneficiary fund will let that instructor live on tobacco. He can have his regular salary without tobacco, or tobacco without his regular salary, according as he chews or chooses. That is what might fairly be called a "quid pro quo."—*Ex.*

WE WANT TO IMPRESS upon every child the value of the maxim, "Know thyself." We want him to know the necessities and dangers of the body in which the soul lives; to know the relations of the body to the mind and to the conscious self back of all mental processes. We want him to know the effects of alcohol and other poisons on the various organs of the body and functions of the mind and moral nature, even if he fails to learn the names of all the rivers, lakes, and mountains on the face of the earth. We can each do something to aid this part of public-school work. We can put text-books into some schools, and at least into the hands of teachers whom we know, if we try. Let us try; and "if at first you don't succeed try, try again."—*National Temperance Advocate.*

A SURGEON attached to the P. P. M. railway, says that since the corporation refused to employ drinking men there has been no demand for his services whatever. There were six deaths by accident during the year previous.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HINTS TO MOTHERS.

In the first place, try to be as far as possible what you wish your children to be. Your ideal should be so high that you yourself can probably never attain it; but where you fail you can help your children. To reach this, you will need to practise close communion with God. You must not only pray much, but wait quietly and patiently for light from him. When one is watching for it, it is wonderful how it comes. Sometimes in reading the Bible, or some book or paper, or in conversation with a friend, or often in the quietness and stillness of your own heart, a new thought darts in that suddenly illumines all your darkness.

Next, be patient and loving, and make your home, your surroundings, yourself, as pretty and pleasing as possible. A single flower gives a festive appearance to your dress—a carnation saved for your boy's buttonhole makes him happy; a wood fire lit on the hearth just before the children come in from school gives them a welcome; a pleasant story saved for them, an article in the paper on some subject they are interested in, or that you want them to be interested in, pointed out to them, gives you something to talk of together.

Do not let life be dull for them. Let the mother bring objects of interest to them. She can do it by looking about a little at home or abroad.

Make your room so cozy and pleasant that they will love to come and sit there, and be always ready to receive and sympathize with them in their confidences.

Never send the children away when they want a good talk, no matter how much you had rather sit and talk or read with your husband, or your friends who are visiting you.

When you have the confidence of your children you are all right; but you must take as great pains to win it as you do that of your friend.

Of course from the first a mother must require implicit obedience; but as the children grow older she must do it in such a way that they understand why she demands it, and if they cannot understand it she must ask it as a favor. Very often the child will come afterwards and say: "Mamma, you were right; I see it now, but at the time I could not bear to do what you wanted." Now is the time for mutual congratulations.

Let your children also share in your troubles and anxieties, in your economies, in the bills that still remain the first of March unpaid, in your efforts to have no more bills, in your cares for each other's health and habits, in your love for the father and your desire to help him and, and in so far as possible your religious life. And here do not expect too much from the young who have not yet learned to feel their need of help from a Higher Power. For a little while you stand to them as God does to you; give to them what he gives to you, and gradually lead them to lean on him also.

Bring pleasant people to your home; let the children hear their conversation and join with them modestly. The best minds always like to talk with young people, and if they have been made the companions of their parents they will not be shy with older people.

As for reading, and keeping abreast with the children, in these days of magazines, reviews, philosophical novels, condensed histories, and sciences, it is hard not to read too much and too generally, but whatever you read and enjoy let the children share it with you.

There is one time in a young person's life when every mother must have great patience, and wisdom, and love. She goes through it with each child when it is from twelve to sixteen or seventeen years old. In those years the child is going through a great change, mental, moral, and physical. It is no longer a petted little creature, confiding in its parents and believing them to be all wise and good. Its eyes are opening; it sees great faults, alas! in its mother. It is disappointed and wretched; it wants its own way; it cannot have it, and it rebels and grumbles and broods over its wrong, and makes itself intensely disagreeable. It has not learned to go to God; it thinks its own companions are its best guides, and that it knows more than its mother, but it is not happy. Then is the time for a wise letting alone, for great patience and love, for increased cheerfulness and trust, and, if an opportunity occurs, for a little explanation of the trouble, for encouragement and hope in the future.

Sometimes this state of things lasts for years, and the mother many a night goes to bed in tears, in despair, and can only pray to God to guard her child, and do for him what she cannot. At such a time do not send the child away from home to be influenced by strangers who do not love it, and cannot bear with it as you do. Govern yourself then at that time more than her, and do not despair.

Let the child see your hope and love, and gradually it will emerge into a loving, sensible, grateful man or woman, and you will have your reward.—*Christian Union.*

THE TWO MILK-MEN.

A TRUE STORY BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON.

A milk-man, who had a large dairy and a long list of customers, carried on his business for several years without the slightest complaint or dissatisfaction by those who dealt with him. He kept his cows well fed and sheltered; was gentle and quiet himself, and never allowed rough handling, harsh tones, or fast driving to and from pasture.

After a while he sold out his business and stock. He was mistaken in the character of the man who bought them. The new owner was intemperate, and ill-tempered, and often scolded and beat the poor animals. Soon there were complaints of the milk. Little children were made sick by it. One case after another occurred among infants, of very serious, almost fatal, sickness; and even adults suffered from it.

Most mothers at this day who use a nursing-bottle, are aware of the great importance of obtaining pure milk. The food of the cow, it is known, exercises great influence upon the quality of the milk, and is hardly second in importance to the animal's soundness. It is just as true, though not so generally known, that the milk of cows which are frightened or roughly handled, scantly fed, or whipped and fast driven, often produces disease, and with young children, tends to convulsions.

In the case of the milk-man referred to, the details of the story would be of little interest; but the dissatisfaction increased, and resulted in utter loss of custom. After the business passed into other hands, no further complaint was made of the milk from these very cows. A man who was employed on the farm where they were, during the whole time that the business was thus changing hands, asserted that the milk was never adulterated, and was managed in precisely the same way throughout, giving certainty to the inference that the excitement and fear of the cows from their cruel treatment caused the change in the milk.

It seems strange, indeed, that any human being can be so savage as to ill-treat these gentle, harmless creatures—indispensable to our comfort, and even our children's lives.

But we know the fact, and when we have the opportunity to speak a good word for the patient cow let us not think it a matter of little consequence. Certain is it that the all-merciful Creator has in countless ways linked retribution and suffering with cruelty to the creatures of His hand—*Our Dumb Animals.*

ONLY BOB.

Some years ago, in one of our New England states, was a good and worthy physician. He had worked his own way up from a boy, supported a widowed mother, educated himself, and made himself a name and honorable place in his profession; loved, trusted and almost revered by the simple country people for miles around. Now the people of the state have given him the greatest honor in their power. He is going up to the capital to enter upon his duties as governor. Riding on the front seat of the stage coach with a friend, they are speaking of the opportunities in life, when the doctor remarked: "Upon how seemingly small a matter may hinge one's choice for life! When I was a boy in my teens I had a well beloved and inseparable companion nearly my own age. All our plans for the present and future were identical. There came to our little village home for a brief sojourn a man from the city. Boy-like we were carried away with his plausible stories of the golden opportunities and easy success to be found in the city. I do not think he meant to deceive us. No doubt it looked so to him. He offered to take us home with him and give us the benefit of his influence and experience. 'Give us a start in life,' as he said. We agreed to meet him in a little grove just outside the village for our final talk and decision. On one side of us, towards the attractive city, stood two noble maples, with a foot-path between them. 'Let this be your answer, boys. If you decide to go with me, pass between these two maples. If not, turn your faces towards home.' We agreed to the signal, and rose to our feet. I was decided to take the coveted path between the maples as the first steps, as it seemed to me, towards the realization of my most ambitious hopes. But as I looked down, I saw upon my coat sleeve a gray hair. Immediately my decision was changed. I turned without so much as a word or a look, and retraced my lonely steps to my home; pledged to live for my mother whose only support and comfort I was, and whose one gray hair on my sleeve influenced me for life. It was the one supreme moment of my life, when the right way was plainly shown me, and strength given me to walk therein. My companion passed between the signal maples, to try the success of city life, and our paths have never again met. I have never had occasion to regret my decision. I have worked hard, have had drawbacks, but I have had as fair a degree of success as I ought to expect; the respect and confidence which success in my profession has brought, the love of my aged mother, the comforts and delights of a home, wife and children, and now this testimonial from the people, and, best of all, a conscience void of offence toward God and man; a life not without mistakes, 'tis true, but a life squared by the rules of right, by the help of God."

"How did your friend prosper?" inquired his companion.

"Well, Robert did well for a while. He got a good place as clerk, with a good prospect of working up, but he fell in with a set of fast fellows and his love of pleasure proved his ruin. The last I heard of him he was bar-tender in a low groggery, but that was many years ago. No doubt he has been swallowed up in the vortex of city dissipation long ere this. I kept hold of him for a while, but he soon got beyond my influence. I could only write, as I was so busy with my own necessary work and so I lost him long ago." He sighed, and a silence fell between them.

As the coach soon after rolled up to the steps of the hotel, a man raised himself on his elbow, from the top of the stage, among the baggage, where he had been stowed by the driver to work off the effects of his last drink. He watched the manly, healthy, well-dressed form of the doctor, as he walked away and said:

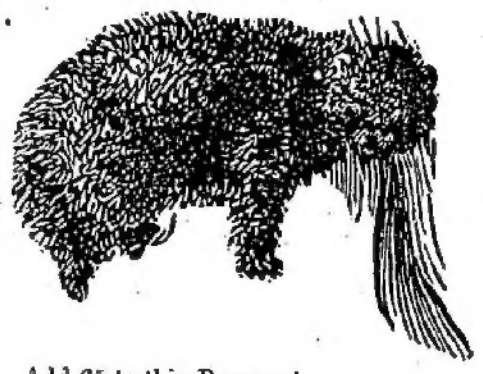
"I'm Robert, or used to be, I'm only 'Bob' now. I tell ye, it makes a sight of diffierence which chance a feller takes, and then how he uses it. I was ahead of him on chances, but he has beaten me on results! Don't let 'im see me!" and he climbed down over the wheel and made off down the street, a sad commentary upon lost opportunities.—*The Household.*

LEMON PIE.—One large lemon, take only the juice, two-thirds cup of sugar, one cup of cold water, the yolks of four and the whites of two eggs; beat lemon, sugar and eggs together until light before adding water. Fill a deep plate with nice crust, turn in the mixture, grate a little nutmeg on top, and bake in a moderate oven. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth with two tablespoonfuls of white sugar and when the pie is done spread over the top and return to the oven and brown. Let the frosting cook thoroughly and be well browned, or it will cling when the pie is cut. If one wishes a cheaper lemon pie, omit two eggs, and use only the yolks of these, and substitute a cup of boiling water, for the cold, and add a tablespoonful of corn starch, then add the frosting as with the other.

HAM CAKES.—Take cold bits of ham, chop fine, and to one teacup of chopped ham add two teacups of bread crumbs, two eggs, pepper, salt, and enough milk to moisten quite wet. Put them in small spoonfuls in a spider. When cooked on one side turn over. Don't let them bake too long. They should be moist when done, not dry and hard.

PUZZLES.

THE PUSSY PUZZLE.



Add 65 to this Pussy-cat,
And see what you can make of that.

AN ANCIENT RIDDLE.

Adam, God made out of dust,
But thought it best to make me first;
So I was made before the man,
To answer His most holy plan.

My body, He did make complete,
But without arms, or legs or feet;
My ways and acts he did control,
But to my body gave no soul.

A living being I became,
And Adam gave to me a name;
I from his presence then withdrew,
And more of Adam never knew.

I did my Maker's law obey,
Nor from it ever went astray;
Thousands of miles I go in fear,
But seldom on the earth appear.

For purpose wise which God did see,
He put a living soul in me;
A soul from me my God did claim,
And took from me that soul again.

For when, from me that soul had fled,
I was the same as when first made;
And without hands or feet or soul,
I travel on from pole to pole.

I labor hard by day and night,
To fallen men I give great light;
Thousands of people, young and old,
Do by my death great light behold.

No right or wrong can I conceive,
The Scriptures I cannot believe;
Although my name therein is found,
They are to me but empty sound.

No fear of death doth trouble me,
Real happiness I ne'er shall see;
To heaven I shall never go
Nor to the grave, nor hell below.

Now when these lines you closely read,
Go search your Bible with all speed;
For that my name's recorded there,
I honestly to you declare.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

AUTHOR.

R Re-vamp P
O Oporto O
B Barrel L
E Enamel L
R Rococo O
T Thwack K

BEHEADINGS.—1. Peel, eel. 2, Share, hare. 3, Revoke, evoke. 4, Splash, plash, lash, ash. 5, Brush, rush. 6, Bleach, leach, each. 7, Dangle, angle.

WORD SQUARE.

C O R N
O B O E
R O P E
N E E D

ODD HOUR-GLASS.

S c r a p e s
C r a p e
r a p
a
r a w
C r a w l
S p r a w l s

CHICKEN SHORT-CAKE.—Cut the meat from the largest pieces of cold stewed chicken and remove the bones; the wish-bone and other small pieces may be left whole. Heat, adding more gravy if necessary, and when hot pour on a short-cake made as follows: Mix two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder with one pint of flour. Rub into it a small half-cupful of butter, and then add one cupful of sweet milk. Bake in a quick oven, in a thin sheet.—*From Mrs. Gilpin's Frugalities.*

LAMB SCALLOP.—One cupful of cold lamb chopped fine, one cupful of stewed tomato, one cupful of fine bread-crumbs. Arrange all in layers in a buttered dish, having the crumbs at the top; season with salt and pepper; put bits of butter on top and bake.

"RED DAVE";

Or, "What wilt Thou have me to do?"

(From the Family Friend.

CHAPTER I.

DAVIE.

"If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus—
You can say He died for all."

The prison gates swung slowly back, and the constable who held the keys lifted up his lantern for a moment amid the fog.

"Thick, ain't it, little chap?" said he, as a child stepped forth from the gaol; "which way are you going—into the town?"

"No, sir," was the answer, half-frightened, half defiant, as Davie shrank back from the portly officer.

"You won't make much of the country roads in this here mist, my lad; you'll get dropping into some ditch, as sure as my name's John Gregson. Haven't you got nobody a-waiting for you outside? That's a pity! well, get back into Mereham, but take my advice and keep clear of the Jarvis lot, or you'll be lodging here again," and then the bull's-eye disappeared, the door was double-locked, and Dave found himself alone, outside the gates, in the midst of a dense December fog.

Very cold and hungry was little Dave, for his breakfast had been a spare one, and the rags he was wearing again after three weeks' prison uniform, were no protection against the damp, chilly mist; but it was almost a relief to him that the day of his release was not bright and fine. He slunk along close to the high, dark wall, feeling that the fog seemed somehow to agree with his own condition—which was truly about as miserable a one as a boy could know.

Three weeks ago, "Red Dave" (as they called him) was selling matches, sweeping crossings, holding horses, and fetching beer for the shoeblacks and stall-keepers in Mereham Market and High street; now the prison scissors have cropped the red tangled curls, and Dave feels that his shaven head must betray to all that he is a "gaol-bird" let loose—something worse than the street-boy who slept in arches and barrows, and even in unused sewer-pipes! He understood, as he crept along, that the fog was deeper than ever now—deeper even than on that night so long ago, when they carried him, a little frightened child, from his workhouse crib, to "kiss mother good-bye."

He was not a prison-boy then; he had not stood in the dock, nor slept in the cell!

How could he now return to town? All the people in the market knew he had been taken up. The shoeblacks in the High Street had seen him marched along, the policeman's hand above his elbow.

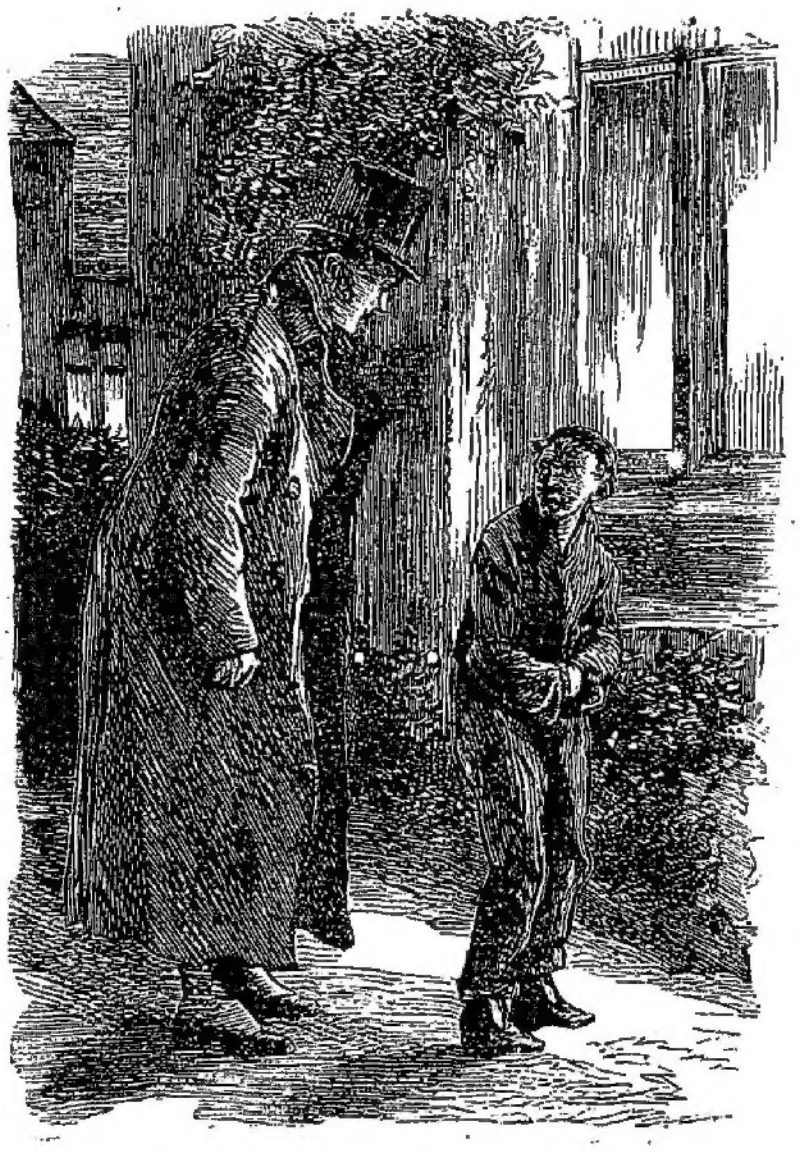
And Jarvis—Jarvis was free!

As Dave remembered him, he burst out in the darkness into oaths and curses; all the wild passion of his nature vented itself in the dreadful words he had heard from the lips of drunkards and profane men in the prison.

"If I had him here in the fog, by this wall, I'd kill him; whenever I get a chance, I'll kill him."

The strong brown fists were mercilessly clenched, the blue eyes flashed like a furious beast's; Jarvis, with his greater strength of six more years of Arab life, must have suffered sorely had he crossed the boy's path then.

It was only an everyday story, though a tragedy to "Red Dave."



"HALLOO YOUNGSTER. LOST YOUR WAY, EH!

One evening, when Dave sat supperless in the market, within the warmth of a hot potato stall, Jarvis came sauntering in, and offered to treat him to the play. Now little Dave had never seen a play, and felt too cold and hungry to care to turn out in the street, so as Jarvis jingled the change in his pocket, the boy said eagerly he'd rather have "one of them there 'taters."

Jarvis treated him to a couple on the spot, ordering the man to "pepper 'em well," and then sat down beside Dave, whilst the supper was hastily devoured. All the time he was eating, Dave noticed with wonder and respect his companion's brilliant scarf-pin and spotted tie, and shining boots; likewise the fascinating picture on the first page of the paper he was carrying. How Jarvis must have prospered since the days when he, too, ran bare-footed in the market, helping the farm-men to unload in the chill of the early morning, for the sake of a copper or a bunch of raw turnips!

Very condescending was Ben Jarvis that night; he read Dave portions of the histories of celebrated robbers and highwaymen, and showed the excited child all the fascinating pictures that illustrated their wealth and daring, but omitted to show the end of their career, which was ruin and disgrace, and the death of a criminal.

A second invitation found Dave quite ready for the novel attractions of the "penny gaff"; there Jarvis mixed with a number of boys about fifteen and sixteen, who were indulging freely in beer. They offered some to Dave, but he had tasted it before, and it had made his head so bad that the very sight of it seemed to bring back the sick pain again, and he would not touch it. The lights and the singing seemed, however, half to intoxicate him; he began to roar out the choruses so loudly that the crowd turned to "chaff" him, and when Jarvis launched into a fight with another lad, Dave distributed blows on his behalf right and left. There was a call for order from the stage, and a policeman appeared on the scene. Jarvis and his foe became invisible, but Dave stood full in view, his angry face flushed and bleeding, his ragged sleeves turned up.

The constable bade him "be off out of this," and kept him in memory for any future occasion, as a patron of that "gaff," which was well known as a resort of young pick-pockets and burglars.

Jarvis continued to patronize Dave, who became exceedingly proud of the notice of such a young "swell."

One day Jarvis called for him in the market, saying that a great crowd was collecting in the High Street to see some of the Royal Family pass by. Dave had very exalted notions of the Royal Family, and with a vision of crowns and sceptres before his mind, he only waited to don an old pair of hobnailed boots in honor of such grandeur, and rushed out to join the throng.

The High Street was crowded; people pushed and jostled one another, and Davie found he could scarcely see anything at all, for the people's heads towered far above him. Impatiently he turned and twisted about to get a good place ere the carriages approached, till the surrounding spectators bade him angrily be still, and he turned to Jarvis with the exclamation, "'Tain't no good staying here! I mean to climb a lamp-post."

Just then a gentleman seized hold of his arm, shaking him indignantly.

"Where is my purse, you young thief? Stop him! Stop thief!"

For Davie, frightened and bewildered, made a movement to escape.

A dozen hands caught hold of him at once, and a woman's voice shrieked out, "Police! Police!" In another instant a member of the police force had Dave down on the pavement turning out his solitary pocket. Within they found a rotten apple, a dirty string, and—a leather purse!

"I didn't take it—I didn't, sir," protested Dave; but the gentleman said sternly, "It is useless for you to tell falsehoods now; the purse was found upon you;" then, as he opened it, he discovered that it was empty.

"Search him again, policeman," said he; "my money is gone; there were four sovereigns and some shillings."

The policeman shook out his jacket again.

"I know the boy," he said; "he belongs to a bad lot—he is in with young Jarvis, who gives us the slip like an eel. This chap must have collared the money, and passed it on to one of his pals."

"I saw him shifting and wheedling about, a-slipping from side to side just now," said the shrill female voice that had called for a constable. "He tried to make off just as the gentleman missed his purse," said another.

"I hain't done nothing," said

Dave, looking half blindly from the one to the other, wondering why Jarvis was not there to help him, yet with a sudden sickening revulsion of certainty that Jarvis had used him as a tool for the theft.

"Will you charge him, sir?" asked the constable.

"Certainly; it will be a warning to him," answered the gentleman; and after a moment's violent resistance on the part of Dave, the three proceeded together to the police-station, followed by a small crowd of juveniles.

The magistrate was sitting in court, and the evidence was laid before him, added to which Davie was charged with severely assaulting the policeman, whom, in trying to escape, he had kicked with his hobnailed boots.

Sentence was passed upon him for the theft and assault—three weeks in all; and the red head disappeared from the dock, and Dave was a prison-boy.

He went down to the gaol in the van, feeling as though he "didn't care now what became of him—not he;" and he came out three weeks later a desolate child, into the shrouding fog.

CHAPTER II.

SUNNYSIDE.

Cold and hungry and friendless, Davie wandered on to a pretty village on the outskirts of Mereham; many an artist loved to linger at Bankside, on account of its beautiful river scenery, and others stayed there in fine weather for the sake of boating and fishing.

The fog was clearing now, and Davie could see the shining river spanned by an ornamental bridge, and the handsome villas with their spreading lawns and conservatories full of rare choice flowers.

"How fine it must be to be rich!" thought Davie, gazing at the gleam of the firelight upon crimson curtains and plate-glass windows; "there's food to be had in there—they don't know what it is to be all over cuts and chilblains, and not a bit of bread a-lying about anywhere to be picked up, that I can see."

Slowly and hesitatingly (for Davie was thoroughly frightened of all this grandeur) he entered the opened gate of one of the finest of the mansions, intending to make his way to the kitchen entrance, and beg for a little food. But the approach to "Sunnyside" was rather perplexing, and he found himself instead before the deep bay window of a large, comfortable room, into which he could look quite plainly from the gravel path outside.

Something like envy filled the heart of the little outcast as he gazed upon a boy, attired in warm black velvet, who lay upon a couch, comfortably wrapped in a handsome skin rug. This child of luxury seemed about his own age, but oh! what a difference there was between them!

"He's had dinner, I reckon," thought Davie, miserably; "maybe plum duff, and gravy 'taters. There ain't no shivering for him, neither. Ain't he just snug, and ain't he a-laughing jolly like with them there kittens, and don't that 'ere lady seem fond of him just?"

A gentle-faced lady, who had been sitting in the arm-chair by the fire reading aloud to the little boy, here rose and settled his sofa pillows for him more comfortably.

"Guess it's good to have a mother," thought poor Davie, turning gloomily away; he did not know that in one respect he and Wilfrid Joyce were alike, for they were both motherless; but Dr. Joyce's sister in Wilfred's case, tried hard to supply the place of a mother to her little nephew.

"Hallo, youngster! lost your way, eh? You mustn't come tramping about the front garden."

The speaker was a good-natured man in coachman's livery; in Davie's eyes he was very imposing, and the frightened boy faltered out, that he was very hungry.

"Well, you won't get food, staring at mistress and young Master Willie; come round here to the kitchen, and I'll warrant cook can find you some broth."

Davie opened eyes, ears, and mouth; it was good fortune enough to be addressed so kindly, but to be promised broth, and actually to detect a warm savory smell as he neared the cook's domains!

But, unfortunately, just at that moment a side gate opened, and in walked a gentleman, at sight of whom Davie would have taken to his heels and fled, but that fright seemed to chain him to the spot.

"How often shall I have to order tramps away from the stable-yard?" he asked sternly; and then, seeing Davie's face, he exclaimed, "Why, this is the young thief who stole my purse last month—the daring rascal to come prowling about my house! I'll take care you lay hands on nothing here, you good-for-nothing fellow! Be off, or I will send for a policeman."

"Please, sir," pleaded Griffiths, with the privilege of an old servant, "he's such a little chap, and mistress said as how the broth was to be given away at the door this bitter weather."

But Davie was already out of the front gate, and a long way down the road, and Dr. Joyce passed in to toast himself at the fire, and take an hour's rest before tea with his idolized child, Wilfred.

Mrs. Joyce had died when her little boy was born; she was a sweet Christian woman, and though she could scarcely get sufficient breath to speak, yet when they laid her little one beside her, she touched the tiny babe, saying faintly, "Thine own, dear Lord."

Her last words were thus a prayer that her little Wilfred might belong to God; as yet it seemed as though her dying prayer had been unheard, for though little Will heard plenty of fairy-tales, and wonderful adventures of heroes real and unreal, no one had ever told him the sweetest story of all—how Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. And yet he was nine years old, and could read quite well.

You will wonder still more when I tell you that it was by his father's orders that the subject of religion was kept as an avoided one in Wilfred's presence; Dr. Joyce said that he himself did not believe in God, and he would not have a lot of nonsense put into the boy's head.

Miss Joyce, a kind, gentle lady, who prayed in secret that the Lord would move her brother's heart to let her teach little Will of the Saviour, took good care of the child, who was by nature sweet-tempered and obedient; but often and often when the poor little fellow was in pain with the croup and asthma that so sadly afflicted him, she longed to hear his little voice falter a prayer to the loving heart of Him who pities His little ones in their pain and trouble.

But her brother, to all save Wilfred, was a hard stern man, and Miss Joyce was frightened that if she disobeyed him, he would remove her from the care of her dearly-beloved nephew. How often she thought of the times when the doctor and his sweet wife went to the house of God together, and when morning and evening the doctor used to open the Bible, and read aloud from it, and then offer prayer to God.

But since his wife's death he had seemed completely changed. He had loved her passionately, and none but himself and the Lord knew how hard he had prayed that her life might be spared. But God, in His wisdom and mercy, saw it fit to call her to himself, and from that time the doctor seemed utterly turned against religion.

I wonder what you would think of a child who turned against his mother, and would have nothing to do with her, because she had denied him something he was determined to have? You would call such a child foolish and wicked; could he not trust his mother's love to choose and decide for him?

But Dr. Joyce was acting just in this way; first of all he said, "God is cruel," and then, like the fool mentioned in the Bible, "There is no God," and then, as if to revenge himself against the Lord of Hosts, he decided to turn religion out of his house entirely.

But the dear mother's prayer had gone up to heaven with her dying breath, and the Lord in whom she trusted had not forgotten little Will.

In envying the young master of those pretty white kittens, Davie had only judged from appearances; he did not hear the hacking cough, he did not know how many months little Will had lain upon that couch day by day, and how hard the father strove to persuade himself and others that the child was not growing weaker, and wearing away before their eyes.

He looked up gladly as his father came in, with the loving smile and dark blue eyes of his lost mother.

"Papa! we've got snow-cake for tea, and we had chicken for dinner, only I couldn't eat much because auntie gave me such a big cup of beef-tea at lunch."

Did some thought of the hungry face of the little tramp cross the doctor's mind? If it did he dismissed it with the remembrance of Davie's guilt as a thief.

"And have you been busy, papa dear? Have you been to any little boys who cough as bad as me?"

"Oh, what grammar!" cried his aunt, playfully; then she added, "But you have not coughed quite so much to-day, darling."

"Of course not," said Dr. Joyce, drawing the little golden head tenderly to his shoulder. "I believe that medicine will fatten him up out of all knowledge. This dull weather is against the strongest constitution; when the roses come you'll be quite well, my boy."

"But I have never been quite well, you know, papa; somehow I never seem to have played about like other boys."

"Oh, your chest has been a little weak," said the doctor, hastily, "but you will grow out of it; it is nothing at all. You've got that wool next to the skin?"

"Oh yes, papa; auntie takes care of that; but, papa dear, I've been thinking—suppose I don't get better, papa. Cook had a little nephew who had the croup, and he died."

"Cook is a gossiping idiot," said the doctor angrily; then he added, touching the little frail hand to his lips, "There's no fear for you, my boy; cook's nephew very likely had neither doctor nor nursing. I think we are able to insure your life for a good many years to come."

"Oh, I do hope so, papa; I don't want to die. Fancy going away from you and auntie, and everything nice and being put in the cold, dark ground."

"The flowers don't mind the cold dark ground," said his aunt, in a trembling voice.

"No, auntie; but they come up out of it, and look beautiful; I shall have to lie there for ever and ever and ever—shan't I papa? Oh, it does frighten me so."

(To be continued.)

The Family Circle.

"TAKE NO THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW."

BY MARIA A. WEST.

"The Christian should be like a little bird that sits on its twig and sings, and lets God think for it."—*Luther.*

Like Luther's bird, I sit and sing,
Not knowing what the day may bring;
Nor have I any need to know,
My Father doth protect me so.

I do the work he gives to me,
Not heeding what or where it be;
And more my Father will not ask,
Than that I do my daily task.

He sees, he knows, my every need,
Then why should I take careful heed?
He bids me cast on him my care,
And every burden he will bear.

If trouble comes, to him I fly,
Who will my every want supply;
Each day will bring some new surprise,
Some token of his watchful eyes.

Who, then, so free and glad as I,
With such a Friend for ever nigh?
Beneath his shadow I may hide,
And, peaceful, in his love abide.

And so I calmly sit and sing,
Content with what each day may bring.
My Father orders what is best,
And in his will I find my rest.
—*American Messenger.*

WHY IT WAS BROKEN.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

Miss Lydia Darrow was not at all fond of travelling, and she had a comfortable, pleasant home and plenty to occupy her time; but she made a point of paying her sister, Mrs. Edgeworth, a visit of two weeks every fall.

"I don't want the children to forget the only aunt they have," she would say, as she packed her trunk for her annual pilgrimage.

Mr. Edgeworth was a wealthy man, and lived in a large and flourishing town, where his wife was considered one of the leaders of society. There were two children, a son and a daughter, the latter Miss Lydia's favorite. It was therefore with much concern that the aunt heard, just before starting on her journey one autumn, that her only niece was engaged to be married. She could think of little else as the cars bore her toward her sister's home, and she felt very glad that she was so soon to see the one on whom Mildred's choice had fallen. She was drawing a mental picture of her niece's betrothed, imagining him all a man ought to be, when her reverie was disturbed by two gentlemen who took the seat directly in front of her. Their conversation, which was carried on in a very loud key, was at first of no interest at all to Miss Lydia, being merely an interchange of expressions of surprise that they should have met so far from home, and she paid no attention to it.

But presently the sound of a familiar name fell on her ears.

"I hear Edgeworth's daughter is to be married," said the elder of the two men.

"Yes, to young Hilton," said his companion. "Well, it's a good match for her."

"I suppose so. Hilton's a first rate fellow, but rather fond of his glass."

"Oh, yes; but that never has any weight with a girl."

"Perhaps she don't know of it."

"You may depend she does. He makes no secret of his love of liquor. But she would marry him if he drunk a gallon a day, I suppose. A girl always imagines she will act the part of a guardian angel to her husband, and the more people try to convince her to the contrary, the closer she will cling to the fellow. A warning has no effect except to make her more determined to have her own way. Women are all alike in that respect," and the speaker laughed.

The conversation drifted to other subjects, and nothing more was said about Mildred Edgeworth; but Miss Lydia had heard enough to make her feel exceedingly grave. The words, "rather fond of his glass," were ominous to her, for she knew how much they meant. For years she had been an indefatigable worker in the cause of temperance, and many and sad had been the scenes she had witnessed in houses where the husband was "rather fond of his glass."

Her first thought was that she would tell Mildred what she had heard. But the longer she considered this plan, the stronger grew the feeling that this would not be wise. The girl would probably tell her lover of the conversation, and he would find it easy to convince her that it amounted to nothing. And she, loving him, would be only too anxious to believe his asseverations that he was in no danger and was "quite able to take care of himself in that respect."

And Miss Lydia knew that an appeal to Mr. Edgeworth to save his daughter from a marriage with a man of Mr. Hilton's principles would be worse than useless, for her brother-in-law was a man who considered an occasional glass of wine almost a necessity to existence, and he had often laughed at Miss Lydia for the strictness of her views in this respect.

"I must think out some plan to save Mildred without letting her suspect what I am trying to do," she thought. "Oh, if she could only see what I have seen she would never have thought for a moment of marrying a man cursed with a taste for liquor."

So the wise aunt controlled her desire to utter a warning, and listened very quietly to Mildred's praises of her betrothed.

"I am considered very fortunate by the girls of my set," said the girl, with a gay laugh, "and am the the object of a great deal of envy, Aunt Lydia. In appearance, wealth and position Howard is the superior of every other gentleman of my acquaintance."

"And what about his principles, my dear? I hope they are good; for your hapiness will depend more on them than on the color of his eyes or the state of his bank account."

"That sounds just like you, aunty," laughed Mildred. "But I am glad to say that Howard is a perfect gentleman, kind, generous and amiable."

"Is he strictly temperate, my dear?"

The color rushed into Mildred's face.

"No, I believe not," she answered, "but of course he never drinks more than is good for him. You know we don't think quite so highly of the virtues of temperance as you do, aunty."

"I know that, my dear," sighed Miss Lydia.

"And I feel sure Howard will never give me any cause for uneasiness," continued Mildred. "I can trust him, I know."

"I am very glad you feel so," said Miss Lydia, "and sincerely hope your trust is well founded."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Edgeworth, and was not renewed at any future time. But Miss Lydia was as earnest as ever in her desire to save her niece from a marriage with Mr. Hilton, and had laid a plan by which she hoped to succeed. When about to return home she asked as a special favor that Mildred should accompany her for a stay of a few weeks.

"You have never paid me a visit, you know," she said to the girl, "and I would like to have you all to myself for a little while before you are married."

Mildred was not proof against such persuasion, and so, a few days later, she found herself in the pleasant, old-fashioned house which had been the home of her aunt for nearly fifty years.

"I want you to go with me to make some calls, Mildred," said Miss Lydia, the morning after her return. "I have received notice that an Irish family in my district is in need of help."

Mildred, full of health and hapiness, was ready for anything.

"I will go out with you every day," she said. "I will even assist you in the distribution of temperance tracts, and attend meetings of the Band of Hope."

Miss Lydia smiled.

"You will see and hear a great deal that will make you think very seriously on the subject of temperance," she said. "You can depend on that."

The house occupied by the Irish family was a dilapidated, weather-beaten structure, situated in a low quarter of the town, and the woman who answered Miss Lydia's knock was in keeping with her home. She was arrayed in a torn and dirty gown, and her hair looked as if it had never been combed.

"Your name was sent to me last night as that of a person needing assistance," said Miss Lydia, as she entered the house and seated herself upon a broken wooden chair, "and I have called to see what I can do for you."

"It's everything I want, sure," said the woman, beginning to cry at once, "an' yester night Mike made this on me head wid a chair," pushing the hair from her temple to disclose a ragged wound. "It was mad wid the drink he was."

"And you have seven children?"

"Yes 'em, there they be in the garden, bless 'em," and she nodded toward the rear of the house.

"How long has your husband been addicted to drink?" asked Miss Lydia.

"These foive years, ma'am. He used to be a good sort of a man, was Mike, but he got to takin' a glass o' beer, an' thin a glass o' whiskey, an' now it's drunk he is every day in the week."

At this moment the door in the rear was pushed open, and a little boy of about ten years of age came in on crutches.

"Here's a pace o' Mike's work, too," said the mother. "Pat was as strong a little lad as ever walked till one night his faythor knocked him over wid a slat o' the bed. He's been like that iver since."

"How terrible!" exclaimed Mildred, to whose tender heart the white, wan face of the child had appealed strongly. "Can't you induce your husband to stop drinking, Mrs. Ryan? Why don't you talk to him?"

"More'n me has talked to him, Miss," answered the woman. "But he won't stop for nobody, now he's got a taste for the stuff."

"I will see what can be done for your relief," said Miss Lydia, rising. "I think some of my friends can find work for you by the day. Meanwhile, make use of this to give your children something to eat," and she took a two dollar bill from her purse.

The next house at which Miss Lydia stopped was large and handsome. It stood some distance back from the street, and was surrounded by shrubbery and flowers.

"This is certainly a happy home," thought Mildred, as she followed her aunt into an elegantly furnished parlor. "What a contrast to Mrs. Ryan's."

Two ladies rose at their entrance, who were introduced to Mildred as Mrs. Yost and Mrs. Ferris, mother and daughter. The conversation turned on the subject of temperance almost immediately, and Mildred became deeply interested in the account Mrs. Yost gave of her experience in establishing a coffee-house in the lower part of the town, where a great many sailors and boatmen lived. Mrs. Ferris was very quiet, and made only one or two remarks; but Mildred saw that she listened intently to all that her mother said.

"We are going to start out this afternoon to raise money to keep the establishment up," said Mrs. Yost, as the visitors rose to go. "Mary will take one part of the town and I another. It isn't pleasant work to beg, but I think we will wake people up to take an interest in the coffee-house."

"Let me give my subscription now," said Mildred, taking a five-dollar bill from her purse, "and I hope you will let me go with you sometime when you visit the coffee-house. I should like very much to see how it works."

"It will give me great pleasure to have you go with us at any time," said Mrs. Yost, "We have three good workers down there—sturdy German women, who have had good reason to take an interest in the cause. But my daughter and I go down to advise and direct two or three times a week. All we need to make the thing a perfect success is money. How I wish the rich men, who give so much to colleges already liberally endowed, would turn their attention to temperance, and see how greatly it is in need of pecuniary assistance. But we must be patient, I suppose."

"Mrs. Ferris is one of the prettiest women I have ever seen," said Mildred to Miss Lydia as they left the house, "but what a sad face!"

"It is little wonder to those who know her history that her face is sad," said Miss Lydia.

"Has she been unhappy?" How is it possible, in such a beautiful home as that!"

"She left that beautiful home ten years ago to become the wife of a young lawyer who was rather fond of his glass," Mildred. "She thought her influence over him was so great that he would never do evil so long as she was near; but she soon saw her mistake. He drank more deeply every year, in spite of her prayers and entreaties. He grew to love whiskey better than wife or child; his practice decreased, and he finally shot himself while laboring under an attack of delirium tremens. It was a blessed release for poor Mary, and she came home at once to live with her mother. She never mentions the name of her husband, but she has never recovered from the shock of his terrible death."

"But her child? That must be a great comfort to her, Aunt Lydia."

Miss Lydia was silent a moment, then said in a low voice:

"Her child is in an asylum—a hopeless idiot. His father in a moment of drunken rage struck him a terrible blow on the head. He was ill for many weeks, and when he grew strong again it was found that his reason had fled."

Mildred was too much shocked to speak, but her white, pained face showed how deeply she was affected. She was very grave during the rest of the day, and she seemed to be absorbed in thought. Miss Lydia made no remark upon her niece's mood, for she felt sure that already the medicine she was administering was taking effect, and that the result would be all that she could wish. Mrs. Yost was as good as her word, and called a day or two later to take Mildred to the coffee-house. And after spending several hours there, Mildred came home full of joy of the new project. She could talk of nothing else.

"I had no idea temperance was so interesting, Aunt Lydia," she said, "or that there was so much work about it. I think, if you care to have me, I will stay four weeks instead of two. I want to help Mrs. Ferris a little."

"My dear, you certainly know how glad I would be to have you stay any length of time," said Miss Lydia, "and it gratifies me very much to have you take so deep an interest in the cause which lies so close to my heart. I felt sure that your indifference rose from a want of knowledge only."

That evening a young lady called on Miss Lydia; a Mrs. Laughton, to whom Mildred took an immediate fancy, and with whom she became very intimate.

Ada Laughton was not happy in her marriage, and seldom referred to her husband; but she was too proud to lay her heart bare to even her best friend, and Mildred was of far too delicate a mind to ever ask the cause of her occasional melancholy. She did not learn in what the skeleton of Ada Laughton's house consisted until the day previous to that on which she had decided to return home, when she went to bid her friend goodbye. The front door of Mrs. Laughton's house was ajar, and the servant was cleaning the steps.

"I suppose I may go in?" said Mildred.

"Yes, I think Mrs. Laughton is at home," said the girl. "She is sitting up-stairs in her own room, I believe."

Taking the privilege of an intimate friend Mildred ran up to Ada's room and knocked. There was no answer and she pushed open the door and looked in. She started back with an exclamation of horror. There on the floor lay Herbert Laughton drunk. His red face, heavy breathing and the foul fumes of whiskey which filled the room told the terrible story only too plainly. Mildred had seen him frequently when calling at the house, and had been very much pleased with his appearance and manner, never having had the faintest suspicion that he was ever intoxicated. This revelation was therefore both surprising and terrible.

Ada sat by the window gazing out on the street, her face wearing a look of stony despair. Mildred approached her and touched her on the shoulder. She turned with a wild start.

"Mildred!" she exclaimed. "Oh, why did you come?" and then throwing her arms about her friend she burst into tears, the most agonizing sobs tearing their way from her overcharged breast.

"You have seen my skeleton at last," she said, when at length she grew calmer. "I hoped you never would. There lies the man who promised at God's altar only three years ago to love, cherish, and protect me;

who said that I should never know a sorrow that he could ward off; that no sacrifice he could make would be too great to secure my happiness. I believed him and I left my home to become his wife. Oh, what have I not suffered in these three terrible years! I have shielded him; never let even my mother know of my misery and despair. I have tried to appear gay that the world might not guess at the heaviness of my heart. And I have prayed with him, entreated him by the love he once bore me, by the memory of other days, to give up this demon which is destroying him body and soul. It has been in vain—all in vain. He cannot give it up, he says. And my life is blasted. My every illusion dispelled. The peace of the grave would be sweet to me! And yet I am so young, so very young! what have I ever done, what sin committed that I must suffer such punishment as this!"

"But have you no influence? is there no way—" began Mildred; but Ada interrupted her.

"Influence!" she said, with a bitter laugh. "Show me the wife who can influence a husband who drinks! Marry a man who is fond of his glass, and see for yourself."

Mildred did not appear when the supper bell rang, and her aunt went to her room to inquire if she was ill, for she had been heard to enter the house some time before. Mildred was lying on the bed with her face buried in her hands. As her aunt entered she sprang up and tried to smile. But instead, she burst into tears.

"Aunt Lydia, I am so wretched, so much in need of comfort," she said "I believe I really love Mr. Hilton, but—I dare not marry him," and then she told of her visit to Ada.

Miss Lydia thought the time had come to repeat the conversation she had heard in the cars nearly two months before. And she did so, watching Mildred earnestly to see the effect the story would have upon her. The girl was very pale as her aunt concluded.

"Won't you leave me now, aunty?" she said. "I want to be alone and think it all out."

Miss Lydia kissed her niece tenderly and went away, feeling sure that the marriage of which she so much disapproved would now never take place.

She was right. On coming down to breakfast the next morning, Mildred handed her two letters, asking if the servant would post them at once.

"One is to Mr. Hilton," she said, "and the other to mother. I have broken off my engagement, Aunt Lydia, and I want you to let me stay here a week or two longer until every one at home has gotten over the first surprise."

Several years later Mildred married one whom she loved as she had never dreamed of loving Howard Hilton and this time Miss Lydia was well satisfied with the match.—*The Standard.*

"WHAT DID THE ANGELS WIPE IT OUT WITH?"

[*An authentic letter from a lawyer in New Orleans to his brother in Pittsburgh, Pa.*]

Dear brother: You know that for many years I had been an unbeliever and a follower of strange gods—a lover of this world and its vanities. Although not what the world calls a bad man, I was a self-righteous one, who thought I had a religion of my own, better than the Bible. I did not believe in the devil or hell, except allegorically. I believed that God was bound, as he had created man, to save him. I knew I did not serve Him; knew Him not personally; had no communion with Him; obeyed His laws only just so far as it pleased myself and my own understanding of them. I did not believe in the entire divinity of Christ, and thought all such believers were idolaters; and I would not believe in the triune God, unless I could understand how He was such.

You know what my early teachings were, instilled into me by my own dear pious old mother. God had put these truths, received through her instructions, deep in my heart, though they were then buried deep from sight or thought by the filth of pride, sin and the world; prayer was forgotten, church was neglected, and worldly morality was the corrupt tree that, springing up, brought forth its own deceptive fruit.

So I lived, and so I would have died, had not God remembered His promise to His loving children, showing mercy unto thousands (of the generation) of them that love Him and keep His commandments.

Now and then better thoughts, holier desires, and sometimes doubts and fears of a judgment to come, would spring up within my heart, which, however, were soon stifled.

As time rolled on, God blessed me with children. As the boy Theodore, with God's finger marked out on from him his birth, grew up, our natural love for him made us anxious about his welfare and future career. From time to time intelligence beamed from him; his mind turned over what little he had learned of God through his nightly prayers, taught him by us from habit and superstition more than any conscientious feeling.

His questions often puzzled me, and the sweet and earnest manner in which he inquired of his poor sinful father, to know more about his Heavenly Parent, and that "happy land, far, far away," of which his nurse had sung to him, proved to me that God had given me a great blessing in him.

A feeble accent of gratitude would steal up in my heart and fill me with something like regret, and bring back the time when I loved that blessed Saviour, and believed more of that "happy land."

A greater distrust of myself, and a greater sense of my inability to assure my boy of the faith contained in the simple little prayers I learned from mother, with you and our other brothers and sisters, gradually began to grow on me, and made me think oftener. Still I never went to church—had not even a Bible in the house. What was I to teach him—Christ and Him crucified, or Universalism; or let him learn what he could from the Jesuits, in whose church he had been baptized? Blessed be God! He, in his sovereign will chose for me. One of his little friends had died, then another, then his uncle. All these made an impression on the boy. He rebelled against it—wanted to know "why God had done it; it was very hard that God should just go and take his friends; he wished He wouldn't do it." I, of course, tried to say and explain the best I could.

One evening he was lying on the bed, partly undressed. My wife and I were seated by the fire. She had been telling me that Theodore had not been a good boy that day, and what he had been doing, and I reproved him for it. All was quiet, when suddenly he broke out into a loud crying and sobbing, which surprised us. I went to him and asked him what was the matter. "I don't want it there, father—I don't want it there!" "What, my child—what is it!" "Why, father, I don't want the angels to write down in God's book all the bad I've done to-day. I don't want it there: I wish He would wipe it out;" and his distress was greatly increased.

What could I do? I did not believe, yet I had been taught the way. I had to console him, so I said: "Well, you need not cry, you can have it all wiped out in a minute, if you want." "How, father, how?" "Why, get down on your knees and ask God, for Christ's sake, to wipe it out, and He will do it."

I did not have to speak twice; he jumped off his bed, saying, "Father, won't you come and help me?" Now came the trial, the boy's distress was so great, and he pleaded so earnestly, that the big man, who had never bowed down to God in spirit and in truth, got down on his knees alongside that dear boy, and asked God to wipe out his sins and, perhaps, although my lips did not speak it, I included my own sins too. We then got up, and he lay down on the bed again; and in a few moments he said: "Father, are you sure it is all wiped out?" Oh, how the acknowledgment grated through my unbelieving heart, as the words came from my lips. "Why, yes, my dear son, the Bible says so; if you asked God from your heart for Christ's sake, to do it, and if you are really sorry for what you have done." A smile of pleasure passed over his face, as he quietly asked: "What did the angels wipe it out with, with a sponge?" Again was my soul stirred within me, as I answered: "No, with the precious blood of Christ!"

The fountain had at last burst forth—it could not be checked—and my cold heart was melted within me, and I felt like a poor, guilty, ignorant sinner; and, turning away, said: "My dear wife, we must first find God, if we want to show Him to our children; we can not show them the way unless we know it ourselves."

After a little time the boy, with Heaven (almost) looking out of his eyes, came from the bed, and, leaning on my knee, turned up his face to me and said: "Father, are you and mother sinners?" "Yes, my son, we are." "Why," said he, "have you not a Saviour: don't you love God; why are you sinners?" I answered as best I could, and in the silent hour of the night I bent in prayer over the dear boy, and prayed: "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief."

My wife, being a Roman Catholic, would not pray with me over the boy, until, blessed again be God, the Lord's Prayer was put into my heart, and we said it together, and prayed jointly for ourselves and our child; and God heard our prayer, and received us, as He always does those who seek Him with the whole heart, for he has said unto such, they "shall surely find Me."—*The Word of Life.*

ENLIGHTENED BY THE SPIRIT.

BY REV. D. D. MERRILL.

Before the Bible had been translated into Hindostanee, an English chaplain in India was accustomed to translate short, striking passages of Scripture upon little slips of paper, and to distribute them at his door. Twenty years after, a dying man sent for a missionary, and it was found that he had been one who had collected and treasured some of these slips. For all these years he had studied them, and, with no other teacher, he had attained a faith in the Saviour so intelligent as to astonish his visitor.

A missionary of the American Board, on visiting for the first time a village in China, found several families who listened gladly to his teaching, and at his next visit one of these families had made such progress as to be judged worthy of baptism. In gospel lands those who were almost as ignorant as the heathen of Christian truth have sometimes been brought suddenly to Christ without waiting to be carefully instructed. An English boy, so rude that his presence could not be endured in a Sunday-school, testified that he only learned one verse of the Bible, and the memory of that single verse in after years in a distant land led to his conversion.

It seems plain that the Spirit of God adapts his work to the circumstances of the soul, and that very little intellectual light is needed where the soul is sincere. An illustration of this truth once came to my notice in a New England home. It was in a town where no religious services were held. In that home the Bible was a sealed book, and the name of God was familiar only in profane use. There a young girl of sixteen was stricken down with consumption. She was very ignorant on all subjects, but especially so of everything of a religious nature. Scarcely ever had she been inside of a church, and she had never in her life attended a Sunday-school. During her wasting sickness, prompted by no human suggestion, she sought out a neglected copy of the Bible, and through weary weeks it was her constant companion.

The Word of God taught her of Christ. The Spirit opened the truth to her understanding; and when a Christian man visited her in her last hours, she gave him a satisfactory and interesting account of her experience.

"At first," she said, "it seemed as if no one heard me when I prayed; but, as I continued to read the Bible, and do as it told me, a wonderful peace came into my heart. I could not tell how it was, but I felt sure that my sins were forgiven and that I should be saved." Before she passed away she told her astonished parents of her experience, and preached them such a sermon as they had never before heard and could never forget.

The one thing without which a Christian worker cannot succeed, and with which he cannot fail, is the illuminating influence of the Holy Spirit. The most learned scholars often have less success in leading men to Christ than those of humbler attainments, not because the human gifts are unimportant, except as compared with the supreme necessity of God's Spirit. If using the best human means we also co-operate with that Spirit, how strong may be the assurance of success!—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

MARRY A GENTLEMAN.

It was excellent advice I saw lately given to young ladies urging them to marry only gentlemen, or not to marry at all. The word is used in its broadest, truest sense. It did not have reference to those who have fine raiment and white hands and the veneering of society polish, merely to entitle them to the distinction, but to those possessed of true, manly and noble qualities, however hard their hands and sun-browned their faces.

A true gentleman is generous and unselfish. He regards another's happiness and welfare as well as his own. You will see the trait running through all his actions. A man who is a bear at home among his sisters and discourteous to his mother, is just the man to avoid when you come to the great question which is to be answered yes or no.

A man may be ever so rustic in his early surroundings, if he is a true gentleman he will not bring a blush to your cheek in any society by his absured behavior. There is an instinctive politeness inherent in such a character which everywhere commands respect and makes its owner pass for what he is—one of nature's noblemen. Do not despair, girls, there are such men still in the world. You need not die old maids. But wait until the princes pass by. No harm in delay.

You will not be apt to find him in the ball room, and I know he will never be seen walking up from the liquor saloon. Nor is he a champion billiard player. He has not had time to become a "Champion," for he has had too much honest, earnest work to do in the world. I have always observed that these "champions" were seldom good for much else.

Be very wary in choosing, girls, when so much is at stake. Do not mistake a passing fancy for undying love. Marrying in haste rarely ends well. Do not resent too much the interference of your parents. You will travel long and far in the world before you will find any one who has your true interest at heart more than your father and mother, and age and experience have given them an insight into character which is much beyond your own. It is very unsafe to marry a man against whom so wise a friend has warned you.

I never yet knew of a runaway match that was not followed by deep trouble in one way or another, and matches made "in spite" are pretty sure to end in life-long repentance.—*Woman at Work.*

Question Corner.—No. 16.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. From what place did David bring the ark to Jerusalem?
2. How did it come to be in that place?
3. What man in the New Testament had his ear cut off and by whom was he healed?
4. By whom, and on what occasion was it said, "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect"?

SCRIPTURE PROVERB.

Take a word from each of these passages and form a quotation from Proverbs.

In God we boast all the day long; and praise Thy name for ever. (Psa. xliv. 8.)

Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God. (Isa. xli 10.)

Let Thy hand be upon the man of Thy right hand; the Son of man whom Thou madest strong for Thyself. (Psalm lxxx. 17.)

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge. (Prov. i. 7.)

Say not unto thy neighbor, Go, and come again, to-morrow I will give; when thou hast it by thee. (Prov. iii. 28.)

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 14.

SCRIPTURE SCENE.—David bringing the Ark of the Covenant to Jerusalem. 2 Sam. 6. 1, 19.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

GOD BE MERCIFUL.

1. G-ourd	. . . .	Jonah iv. 6-9.
2. O-badiah	. . . .	Obad. 1. 1.
3. D-euteronomy	. . . .	
4. B-alaam	. . . .	Num. xxii. 28-30.
5. E-gg	. . . .	Luke xi. 12.
6. Mary-Magdalene	. . .	Luke viii. 2.
7. E-hud	. . . .	Judges iii. 28-30.
8. R-est	. . . .	Psa. xxxvii. 7.
9. C-ome	. . . .	Rev. xxii. 17.
10. I-srael	. . . .	Gen. xxxii. 28.
11. F-ire	. . . .	Dan. iii. 25.
12. U-riah	. . . .	2 Sam. xi. 27.
13. Lion	. . . .	1 Kings xiii. 24.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Maggie Maud Miller.

(Continued from first page.)

A letter written to her sister on the night previous was full of loving, pious counsel, but contained no hint of her approaching death. She died for no fault of her own, but having loved God all her life and striven to do His will, she did not fear death now, for she knew that all it could do was to take her to Himself.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VIII.

Aug. 24, 1884.] [2 Sam. 24: 15-25.

THE PLAGUE STAYED.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 24, 25.

15. So the Lord sent a pestilence upon Israel from the morning even to the time appointed: and there died of the people from Dan even to Beersheba seventy thousand men.

16. And when the angel stretched out his hand upon Jerusalem to destroy it, the Lord repented him of the evil, and said to the angel that destroyed the people, It is enough; stay now thine hand. And the angel of the Lord was by the threshing-place of Araunah the Jebusite.

17. And David spake unto the Lord when he saw the angel that smote the people, and said, Lo, I have sinned, and I have done wickedly; but these sheep what have they done? Let thine hand, I pray thee, be against me, and against my father's house.

18. And Gad came that day to David, and said unto him, Go up, rear an altar unto the Lord in the threshing-floor of Araunah, the Jebusite.

19. And David, according to the saying of Gad, went up as the Lord commanded.

20. And Araunah looked, and saw the king and his servants coming on toward him; and Araunah went out, and bowed himself before the king on his face upon the ground.

21. And Araunah said, Wherefore is my lord the king come to his servant? And David said, To buy the threshing-floor of thee, to build an altar unto the Lord, that the plague may be stayed from the people.

22. And Araunah said unto David, Let my lord the king take and offer up what seemeth good unto him; behold, here be oxen for burnt-sacrifice, and threshing instruments and other instruments of the oxen for wood.

23. All these things did Araunah, as a king, give unto the king. And Araunah said unto the king, The Lord thy God accept thee.

24. And the king said unto Araunah, Nay; but I will surely buy it of thee at a price; neither will I offer burnt-offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing. So David bought the threshing-floor and the oxen for fifty shekels of silver.

25. And David built there an altar unto the Lord, and offered burnt-offerings and peace-offerings. So the Lord was entreated for the land, and the plague was stayed from Israel.

GOLDEN TEXT

"So the Lord was entreated for the land, and the plague was stayed from Israel."—2 Sam. 24: 25.

HOME READINGS.

M. 2 Sam. 19: 1-30.....The King's Return.
T. Ps. 20: 1-9.....The King's Thanksgiving.
W. 2 Sam. 20: 1-14.....Three Years' Famine.
Th. 2 Sam. 24: 1-14.....David's Sin.
F. 2 Sam. 24: 15-25.....The Plague Stayed.
Sa. Ps. 18: 31-50.....Mercies Recounted.
S. 2 Sam. 23: 1-7.....Last Words.

LESSON PLAN.

1. Wrath against Sin. 2. Repentance and Atonement. 3. Mercy and Deliverance.

Time.—B.C. 1017. Place.—Jerusalem.

LESSON NOTES.

I.—V. 15. THE MORNING—of the day on which the prophet came to David. FROM DAN—the most northern extremity of the land. BEERSHEBA—the most southern point. V. 16. STRETCHED OUT HIS HAND—God had sent him to destroy Jerusalem. 1 Chron. 21: 16. THRESHING-FLOOR OF ARAUNAH—on Mount Moriah, north-east of Zion, and then without the city.

II.—V. 17. DAVID SPAKE—see the more full account in 1 Chron. 21: 16, 17. I HAVE SINNED Compare 1 Chron. 21: 17. His intercession prevailed, and the Lord said to the angel, "Stay thy hand." V. 18. GAD CAME TO DAVID—by command of the angel of the Lord. 1 Chron. 12: 18. REAR AN ALTAR—an assurance that his repentance and prayer were accepted.

III.—V. 21. TO BUY THE THRESHING-FLOOR—Araunah was willing to give it, but David would not worship God with what cost him nothing. V. 24. FIFTY SHEKELS OF SILVER—about thirty dollars. In 1 Chron. 21: 25 we read that David "gave for the place six hundred shekels of gold by weight"—about five thousand dollars. Perhaps the price here named was for the threshing floor alone, and the larger price in 1 Chronicles for the entire landed property of Araunah. V. 25. BUILT THERE AN ALTAR—according to the Lord's command. (See 1 Chron. 21: 26.) In due time the temple was built there.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That God sometimes sends judgments upon rulers and nations in punishment of their sins.

2. That the true penitent acknowledges his guilt and casts himself on the mercy of God.

3. That God will answer the prayer of the penitent.

4. That it is a sad thought to the true penitent that his sin and folly have brought evil upon others.

5. That God has shown his acceptance of Christ as a sin-offering for us by exalting him to heaven.

LESSON IX.

Aug. 31, 1884.] [Ps. 19: 1-14.

GOD'S WORKS AND WORD.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 7-11.

1. The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.

2. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

3. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

4. Their line is gone out through all the earth and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun.

5. Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6. His going forth is from the end of heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

7. The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

8. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

9. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever; the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

10. More to be desired are they than gold, yea than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb.

11. Moreover by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward.

12. Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

13. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me; then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name."—Ps. 138: 2.

HOME READINGS.

M. Ps. 19: 1-14.....God's Works and Word.
T. Ps 138: 1-8.....God's Word Magnified.
W. Ps. 8: 1-9.....Glory Above the Heavens.
Th. Rom. 1: 18-25....."Clearly Seen."
F. Ps. 111: 1-10.....His Commandments Sure.
Sa. Ps. 119: 129-144....."Teach me Thy Statutes."
S. Col. 3: 1-17.....Richly in all Wisdom.

LESSON PLAN.

1. The Works of God. 2. The Word of God.

LESSON NOTES.

I.—V. 1. THE HEAVENS—the region of the sun, moon and stars THE GLORY—the wisdom, power, skill and majesty. V. 2. DAY UNTO DAY—each successive day. UTTERETH SPEECH—imparts instruction. V. 3. NO SPEECH—no mouths have sun, moon and stars with which to speak. NOR LANGUAGE—no sounds do they utter. Yet, V. 4, THEIR WORDS—the witnesses which they silently bear to God's wisdom and power go to the ends of the world—speak to all mankind. A TABERNACLE—tent, dwelling-place. (Compare Hab. 3: 11.) V. 5. COMING OUT OF HIS CHAMBER—the sun seems to rise from a night of repose strong, cheerful and active. V. 6. HIS GOING FORTH—the race he has to run is from the east to the west, the whole sweep of the heavens. THERE IS NOTHING HID—everything that lives feels his quickening influence. Thus the sun illustrates the glory of God and shows forth the divine perfections.

II.—V. 7. THE LAW—marginal reading, "doctrine," truth. Six words are here used to describe it, with a corresponding statement of its effect. CONVERTING—turning from the ways of sin to holiness. THE TESTIMONY—the truth to which he bears witness. V. 8. *RIGHT*—just, proper. ENLIGHTENING THE EYES—giving light and knowledge. V. 9. THE FEAR OF THE LORD—the precepts of piety or religion. V. 10. SWEETER ALSO—more grateful to the heart than the greatest luxury to the palate. V. 11. WARNED—admonished, instructed. (Compare Prov. 6: 22, 23; 1 Tim. 4: 8.) V. 12. SECRET FAULTS—faults unknown to the one who committed them, as well as to the world. V. 13. PRESUMPTUOUS SINS—sins proceeding from self-confidence and pride. THE GREAT TRANSGRESSION—the great guilt of unchecked indulgence of secret faults and of open sins. V. 14. REDEEMER—deliverer of men.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That the works of God make known to us his power, wisdom and glory.

2. That the word of God reveals his will and our duty.

3. That the commandments of God are holy, just and good.

4. That it is our interest as well as our duty to keep them.

5. That we should seek to be kept from secret as well as open sins.

LESSON X.

Sept. 7, 1884.] [Ps. 27: 1-14.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 4-5.

1. The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

2. When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

3. Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise up against me, in this will I be confident.

4. One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

5. For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

6. And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

7. Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice; have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

8. When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

9. Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in anger; thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

10. When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.

11. Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

12. Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies; for false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.

13. I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

14. Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?"—Ps. 27: 1.

HOME READINGS.

M. Ps. 27: 1-14.....Confidence in God.
T. Ps. 31: 1-24.....Trust in the Lord.
W. Ps. 124: 1-8.....The Lord on our Side.
Th. Ps. 121: 1-8.....The Lord thy Keeper.
F. 1 Pet. 1: 1-9.....The Trial of Faith.
Sa. Isa. 41: 8-20....."I Will Help Thee."
S. Rom. 8: 28-39....Confidence and Security.

LESSON PLAN.

1. Light and Salvation. 2. Refuge and Strength. 3. Safety amid Enemies.

LESSON NOTES.

I.—V. 1. MY LIGHT—darkness is the emblem of doubt, distress, trouble and sorrow; light of the opposite of these. John 8: 12; 12: 46. STRENGTH—affording security against violence. OF WHOM SHALL I BE AFRAID—compare Rom. 8: 31, 33, 34. V. 2. TO EAT UP MY FLESH—like ravening wolves or lions. (Compare Job 19: 22; Ps. 14: 4.) V. 3. IN THIS—in such an extremity I will calmly trust in God.

II.—V. 4. ONE THING—one main object. DWELL—All God's children love their Father's house. THE BEAUTY OF THE LORD—Ps. 110: 3; Zech. 9: 17. TO INQUIRE—seek instruction. V. 5. HIDE—defend, protect, in his own abode and in the most retired and private part of it. There I am safe. Ps. 31: 20; 61: 4. UPON A ROCK—in Palestine towers for defence were built on high rocks. Ps. 61: 2. V. 7. HEAR, O LORD—thus far the Psalmist has used only the language of faith. Now, as he thinks of his own weakness, he turns to prayer for help. V. 8. THY FACE—thy favor. Ps. 105: 4.

III.—V. 9. HIDE NOT THY FACE—turn not away in displeasure. (Compare Ps. 4: 6; 22: 24.) V. 10. WILL TAKE ME UP—God is a surer and better Friend than earthly parents are or can be. V. 11. THY WAY—of providence. Ps. 25: 4, 5. A PLAIN PATH—teach me how to act so as to escape from my foes. V. 12. BREATHE OUT CRUELTY—compare Acts 9: 1. V. 13. UNLESS I HAD BELIEVED—but for his faith in God he would have lost all courage. V. 14. WAIT—Isa. 40: 31.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That the Lord is the Light of his people, to direct them in doubt and to comfort them in sorrow.

2. That he is a stronghold and protection to them that trust in him, their shelter and their salvation.

3. That he will cause them to triumph over their enemies.

4. That they should love his house and offer him "sacrifices of joy."

5. That past mercies and deliverances should encourage them to expect future blessings.

DISINTERESTED BENEVOLENCE.

A disinterested and remarkably intelligent form of benevolence is that of our friend "Agricola," who has again sent a large sum of money for the distribution of this and other publications in quarters that they do not reach. This mode of doing is, we are told, common in the case of political papers. Candidates, and those who hope to be candidates, contractors and those who hope to be contractors, electioneerers and those who hope to be officials, will make it their business to see that their party paper finds its way into the houses of those whose votes they wish to catch, and will often spend a good deal of money to secure this end. The non-partizan paper, however, has fewer friends of that sort. Those who do give it a helping hand are the true patriots, who, with no selfish end, desire to bless the country which has blessed them and which they love. The gift by "Agricola" of $173 for the "sowing of seed" will be faithfully and diligently used.

SUPPOSE.

Suppose that all members of the congregation should do what some will probably do next Sabbath, *i.e.*, stay at home for some trifling reason. Result, empty pews. Suppose that you should neglect store bills and other business debts as you frequently neglect your church dues and offerings and missionary obligations. Result, loss of credit; lawsuits.

On the other hand, suppose that all members of the congregation should do next Sabbath what Mr. and Mrs. ——always do, *i.e.*, get to church, rain or shine, hot or cold, headache (?) or no headache. Result, pews filled full; galleries occupied; hearty service, music and responses "as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder, and as the voice of harpers harping with their harps."

Happy parson. Happy people.

Suppose that every one should treat religious duty like any kind of secular duty; that he should be careful and painstaking in all religious obligations—Sabbath school work, work in various Church organizations, attention to the holy communion, watchfulness over God's children, etc., etc. Result a live church; a godly people; shining lights; living epistles; many "good confessions witnessed before men."

Suppose that you really do give for religious and charitable purposes in proportion to your income. The Bible plainly teaches that we should give one tenth, but say one-twentieth of what you have to spend for living purposes; and, further, suppose that you give with some little sacrifice, *i.e.*, fewer cigars; fewer buttons on your kid gloves; lower heels on your boots; less crushed strawberry on the hats; fewer dainties on the table, if needful—sacrifice somewhere in order to give to God's work. Result, overflowing treasury; mission promoted, charities helped, and good work set forward.

Please take these matters into consideration, and suppose you try to be faithful, honest and earnest, not only in your dealings with men but with God.—*Earnest Worker.*

CLUB RATES.

THE CLUB RATES for the "MESSENGER," when sent to one address, are as follows:—

1 copy,	30 cents
10 copies	$ 2 50
25 copies	6 00
50 copies	11 50
100 copies	22 00
1,000 copies	200 00

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States who cannot procure the international Post Office orders at their Post Office, can get instead a Post Office order, payable at Rouse's Point, N. Y., which will prevent much inconvenience both to ourselves and subscribers.

MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS, $3.00 a year, post-paid. MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS, $1.00 a year, post-paid. WEEKLY MESSENGER, 50 cents; 5 copies to one address, $2.00. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal, Que.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets and tins (½lb and lb) by grocers, labelled—"James Epps & Co., Homœopathic Chemists London, England."

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at Nos. 321 and 323 St. James street West, Montreal, by John Dougall & Son, composed of John Dougall and James D. Dougall, of New York, and John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.